

The Latest Thing Out!

The opening chapters of a charming serial story entitled

"Private Brown,"

A Romance in Life on the Plains of the Far West,

BY

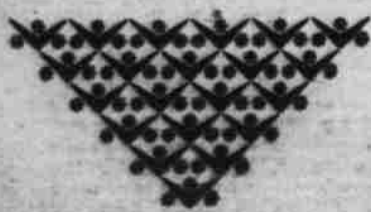
Capt. Jack Crawford, The Poet Scout,

will appear in these columns soon.

In Private Brown the author deals with frontier life. Indian warfare, experiences at military posts, and winds up with the marriage of Private Brown to the commander's daughter, a young lady who, of course, has blue eyes and yellow hair.

The story is a good one and

You Must Not Fail to Read It.



A HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

He Had Gone on the Floor of the House of Commons.

Many years ago, the late Sir Walter Bartlett was in his usual place at the end of a bench in the house of commons, when a gentleman, leaning across the passage, inquired: "Sir, will you permit me to ask you who is the person now addressing the house?" Sir Walter gazed at the man with horror and amazement, and said, with scant courtesy: "What do you say?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know the gentleman." At this the Sussex blood of the Bartletts was roused. "Sir, are you a member of this house?" "Oh, no, sir." "Then what on earth are you doing here?" "Well, I was under the gallery and could not hear very well, so I stepped over." Sir Walter Bartlett's face assumed an expression of judicial severity, but he mixed kindness with judgment. He said to the wretched man: "Don't move; listen attentively to what I am going to say. You have incurred fearful penalties by doing as you have done, and if the speaker had happened to receive a number of petitions while you were here, you would have to pay five hundred pounds for every time that this petition do lie on the table." The stranger turned pale. "Now," said Sir Walter, "attend to me. Get up quietly the moment I have done speaking to you; walk behind me, and go out at the little door that you see not far from my left shoulder; go down to the division lobby to the door of the house, and don't stop for a moment till you get to your abode, and never, under any circumstances, divulge the horrible offense which you have committed." The man feebly thanked him, with tremulous lips, to his feet, and vanished. Having given the stranger ample time to escape, Sir Walter related the incident to his friends with much relish.

HOLIDAYS IN ITALY.

Numerous Enough to Make Life Enjoyable for Everybody.

The Italians let pass no opportunity for celebrating a holiday. writes a correspondent from Milan. The slightest pretext is seized upon to don his best clothes, and, with a silk hat upon his head, a flower in his coat lapel, "fare una bella figura" on the principal thoroughfares to see and be seen, admire and be admired. "Ah, those were happy days," I heard an Italian bookkeeper say, when I received 150 lire a month. Then every Sunday, for twenty cents an hour, I could drive up and down the Bastonia in a cab, with a cigar to puff, a carnation in my button-hole, a friend beside me—how happy I was! I enjoyed it all day Sunday and enjoyed thinking about it all the week. The holidays are denoted on the calendars by red letters, and in glancing over a calendar one is led to think there are more holidays than work-days. I desired a piece of work done and called in the pertunaja and told her to do it immediately. But she informed me that she could not do it that day, for it was a festa. "Well, to-morrow then," I said. But to-morrow was a festa also. "The next day," But that was a festa, too. Three holidays in one week, and the woman refused to work on those days, even though she might starve in consequence.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

She Forgot to Be Cross When There Was a Drive in Prospect.

"Queens of creation!" scoffed a girl. "I'd like to know who called us that! Then I'm a queen, and yet when I want to indulge in a little recreation like being cross I'm not allowed to! 'I quite lose my temper the other day,' she went on. 'I felt that I should enjoy being real cross for a while all by myself, you know—I didn't want to be cross at any one, and all my family spoiled it. 'Poor child,' said my mother, 'you're not feeling well, are you?' 'Do let's read this book out loud,' said my sister. 'I've often felt as you do,' sympathized a friend who dropped in. I thought I should scream or pull some one's hair, they exasperated me so! And then my cousin came in and put on a climax by jovially remarking that I needed waking up, and must come for a ride. In fearful despair I went, and was so angry at them for not letting me alone that I forgot to be cross. I think it's a shame!"

Not a Dope.

It was a surly tramp, to whom the cook had given something to eat, and more than once while he was putting it away she felt like pouring a tea-kettleful of hot water down his neck, but the feeling of charity which had prompted her to feed him restrained her from getting even with him. He got through after awhile and was starting off without so much as a "thanks" or "good morning" or anything. "Here," she said sharply, "haven't you got anything to say after as good a dinner as that?" "Now," he retorted, "if you think I'm Chancy Depow," and what the cook said to him was much more appropriate in its application than it would be for the columns of a public print.

Yellow.—A Curiously Among Colors. It is a curious fact that the color of yellow, whether it be vegetable or animal, is much more permanent than any other hue. The yellow of a flower's petals is the only color known to botanists that is not faded or entirely discharged upon being exposed to the fumes of the sulphurous acid. Take the viola tricolor (heart's ease), as an illustration. If exposed but a moment to these fumes the purple tint immediately takes its flight, and in the wall-flower the yellow shines as brightly as ever after all other colors have fled.

Ballard's Snow Liniment. This wonderful liniment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most penetrating liniment in the world. It will cure rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, sprains, old sores, bruises, wounds, burns, scalds, sore throat, sore chest and all inflammation, after all others have failed. It will cure barb wire cuts and heal wounds where proud flesh has set in. It is equally efficient for animals. Try it and you will not be without it. Price 30 cents. Sold by G. G. Gregg.

WHITE RATS.

A Colored Woman Raises the Snowy Furze for Love.

If the Pied Piper of Hamelin should ever take it into his head to pay Washington a visit, he would find that he had a rival already installed there, and the field fully occupied. The rival in question is Sarah Baker, a colored woman, who lives in Georgetown, near the junction of Congress street and the canal. She raises white rats, not for sale or profit, but merely for the love of the rats. Her room, where she and her four-footed, long-tailed proteges reside, is a queer apartment, filled up with cages, piled one over the other, and scores, if not hundreds of the pink-eyed, snow-furred rodents, making up such a ratful vision as would ruin the trade of the best saloon in Washington, if the customers had to pass through it on their way after a drink.

The rats are all the descendants of two or three pairs, and were given to the woman a year or two ago. They multiplied and increased, and, declining to kill any of them, Mrs. Baker provided new cages, as the rats filled up their old quarters, until now it takes her the better part of her spare time to feed and attend to the wants of her file-tailed family.

The rats all know her, and will come to the front of their cages and take food from between her lips, or if given the liberty of the room, some of the corpulent old fellows will sit up-right in the palm of her hand and wash their faces and comb out their whiskers with the gravity of a burgo-master.

THE ILLS WE HAVE.

The Boarder Who Grieved at the Tough Beef Had to Cave In.

He didn't pay his board bill with that degree of regularity which entitled him to kick at the menu, yet he did that sort of thing now and then, and sometimes it eventuated happily, but not always. Yesterday the roast beef was appalling in its irresistible toughness, and after a violent effort on his part to make an impression on it with the knife he laid the weapon down and gazed in some kind of fashion at the landlady. What it was dependent saith not, but there was that in it to anger her, and her face grew hard.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" she asked curtly. "It's this beef," he said, half in doubt and about seven-eighths in fear. "What's wrong with it?" "It's so tough I can't eat it."

"You'll eat that or nothing," she said in a tone which almost shored him under the table. He picked up the knife again, resignedly. "I'll eat the beef," he replied, "for I'm dead sure nothing is tougher than it is," and as he sawed away at it once more the lady looked at him curiously and wondered if he hadn't said something that somehow wasn't just what it ought to be.

THE GUM HABIT.

It Depends On the Point of View in Devising Upon His Merits.

"It beats all how the gum habit is growing," the passenger in the snuff-colored suit was saying. "There are not less than half a dozen young women in this car chewing gum." "I see," answered the passenger with the heavy gold watch-chain. "Well, I can say one thing; I never chew it."

"Neither do I. It's a detestable habit." "It is in lead," "And it doesn't do anybody any good. It's not only offensive but utterly profitless."

"Profitless? I'm not so sure of that. By the way, I am just starting with my family for a tour through Europe. We shall be gone about six months."

"What has that got to do with the gum-chewing habit?" "Nothing, except that I'm the proprietor of a chewing gum factory."

A Metal Corpse.

A workman named Morlarity was engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at Woolwich arsenal, when he lost his balance and fell into a huge ingot containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and, of course, the unfortunate man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell it. The English respect for the dead is praiseworthy enough, but in this instance it was carried to a ridiculous extreme. The solemn old conference of the war department held a conference and decided not to profane the dead by using the steel in the manufacture of ordnance, and that enormous chunk of metal was actually interred, and a Church of England clergyman read services for the dead over it.

Came Back to the Newspaper. Ballard Smith left the newspaper business for a time, and began speculating. He was at first so successful that he told his old friend, Paton, who was then also a newspaper man, that he did not intend to return to the old business. "I can make more in a day in Wall street," he said, "than I can in a year in a newspaper office." "True," said Paton; "anybody can do that. The thing is to make more in a year in Wall street than you can in a newspaper office." Soon afterward, Mr. Smith took another editorial position.

The Mississippi River. It has been estimated by competent civil engineers that the Mississippi river annually discharges 19,500,000,000,000 cubic feet of water into the Gulf of Mexico. Of this prodigious quantity the one-twenty-ninth hundredth part is sediment. Thus it will be seen that the Mississippi annually deposits enough mud in the Gulf to cover a square mile of surface to a depth of 240 feet.

A Good Liver Makes a Well Man. Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc? If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order, and you are slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach, or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 25 cents. Beware of cheap bottles of G. G. Gregg's Drug Store.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS.

Two Hundred Citizens and Officials of Pond Creek Arrested.

POND CREEK, Ok., July 25.—Nearly 200 citizens have been arrested for train wrecking. Sheriff Hager was the first man taken and Mayor Frank the second. The arrests were made by seven deputy marshals, backed by a carload of Federal soldiers. At first the Pond Creek look-outs, stationed on the top of buildings, saw twenty soldiers marching from Pond Creek station and so reported. The citizens took their Winchester in high glee to give them battle, but when they were drawn up in line waiting for the soldiers to demand their surrender, two unexpected companies of soldiers rolled off a train that had just come from another direction in great haste. The citizens then grounded arms and surrendered.

He also alleges that Captain Mackey and his men dragged A. R. Elliot, another citizen, out of bed, presented their rifles to his breast and threatened to kill him if he would not divulge the identity of the parties implicated in burning bridges. They kept him under torture until Mrs. Elliot, who ran through the streets in her night clothes, awakened the citizens by her screams.

Mayor Moore has notified the secretary of war by telegraph that the charges against Captain Mackey are on route.

Clinton, Missouri.

Mr. A. L. Armstrong, an old drug-griat and a prominent citizen of this enterprising town, says: "I sell some forty different kinds of cough medicines, but have never in my experience sold so much of any one article as I have of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. All who use it say it is the most perfect remedy for cough, cold, consumption, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, they have ever tried." It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It will relieve a cough in one minute. Contains no opiates. Sold by G. G. Gregg.

THE PENSION ROLL.

Total Numbers on the Rolls of the Topka Agency and Amount Disbursed.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 26.—At the close of the year, ending June 30, there were 104,917 pensioners on the roll of the Topka agency, which is under the supervision of ex-Governor George W. Glick. The total number of pensioners added during the year was 7,039. The total loss was 3,543, as follows: Allowance act, 177; death, 1,804; remarriage, 188; minors by legal limitation, 166; failure to claim, 154; transfer, 300; other causes, 767. The number of restorations and renewals was 227. During the year \$38,678.90 was paid as back pay to 1,220 pensioners. The reduction in the rate of pensions aggregate \$8,127. There were 1,546 increases to the aggregate amount of \$88,685.

NO CONSPIRACY SHOWN.

A. R. U.'s Connection With Sacramento Train Wreckers Not Proven.

WOODLAND, Cal., July 26.—Having made out what they considered a strong case against the prisoners Worden and Hatch, the men charged with having actually dethroned the train, the prosecution in the train wrecking case yesterday made an effort to show conspiracy on the part of the prisoners Knox, Compton and Mullen, members of the strikers' mediation committee. J. E. Hughes, president of the Sacramento A. R. U., was put on the stand and questioned searchingly as to the objects and rules of the union. Hughes was on the stand nearly all morning, but there was nothing in his testimony tending to implicate his accused brothers of the A. R. U., or to bear out the charges of conspiracy.

Railway Shops Reopened.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 24.—The Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railroad shops in Kansas City, closed on account of the strike, were reopened to-day, giving work to about 500 men.

WABENBURG, Mo., July 24.—Mrs. Mabel Utley Howard, widow of the late John J. Howard of this city was buried to-day last night at her home on East Grover street, by the explosion of a lamp.

FRANCISCO NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS. HARRISONVILLE, Mo., July 26.—The People's party in convention here nominated the Rev. A. E. Francisco as a candidate for congress for the Sixth congressional district.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BIRKE, the well-known Druggist, 307 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicine for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merit of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

SAVE DOLLARS and CENTS

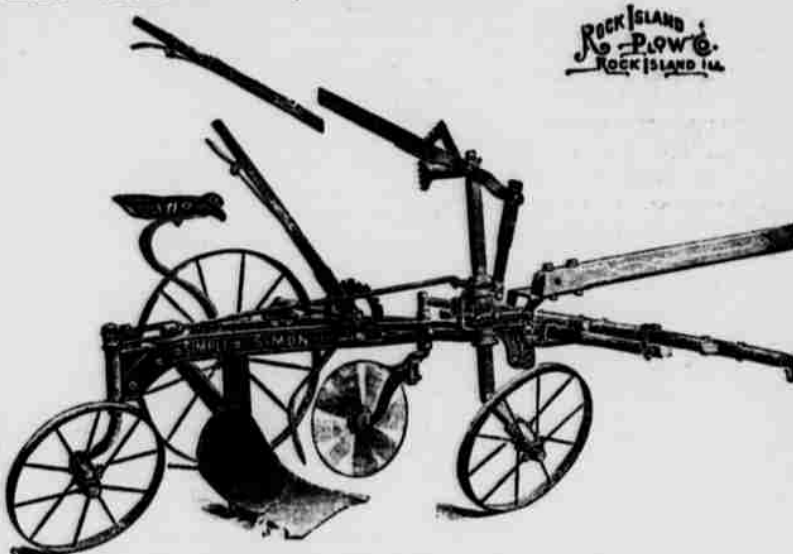
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DR. A. J. MCLELLAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence two blocks west of Baxter bank.

C. H. SHRINER, M. D., Will be in Baxter Springs every Tuesday and Friday.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS. In the district court for Cherokee county. M. F. Compton, plaintiff, vs. Kittle Compton, defendant.

The above named defendant will take notice that she has been sued by the above named plaintiff in the district court of Cherokee county, Kansas, who filed his petition therein on July 24th, 1894, against you in the above named court and in the above entitled cause. You must answer said petition on or before the 7th day of September, 1894, or said petition will be taken as true and judgment will be rendered divorcing the plaintiff from you and dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between him and you. KITTLE & SHRINER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

OSMAN'S ORIENTAL SEXUAL PILLS

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis.

PASSENGER TRAINS. North Bound. South Bound. No. 32. 10:45 a. m. No. 30. 5:15 a. m. No. 30. 11:30 p. m. No. 31. 4:30 p. m. FREIGHT TRAINS. North Bound. South Bound. Way freight. 3:30 p. m. Way freight 12:30 p. m. Stock freight 5:25 p. m. Thro' freight 9:30 a. m. The way freight trains carry passengers when provided with tickets. W. C. KNIGHT, Agent.

Mail and passenger trains run daily; freight trains daily except Sunday. Mail closes at postoffice 30 minutes before train time.

Baxter and Chetopa Mail and Hack Line. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Baxter 7 a. m.; Keelville 9:30; McIntosh 11:30; Chetopa at 12 m. Baxter Springs and Miami Hack Line. Daily except Sunday. Leaves Baxter at 7:30 a. m.; Miami, I. T., at 1 p. m.

Baxter and Peoria Mail Line. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Mail leaves Baxter at 7:30 a. m.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BAXTER LODGE, NO. 7, A. F. & A. M. meets first and third Mondays in each month at hall on West Neosho street. Visiting brethren fraternally invited. C. J. FRIBLEY, W. M. J. T. RYON, Secretary.

BAXTER LODGE, NO. 25, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening at A. O. U. W. hall, corner Main and Neosho streets. S. H. CARROLL, N. G. T. C. WEAVER, Secretary.

BAXTER CAMP, NO. 87, M. W. A. meets second and fourth Mondays in each month at Cooper's hall, corner of Military and River streets. JAS. HAMMON, V. C. T. C. WEAVER, Clerk.

BAXTER LODGE, NO. 11, K. OF P. meets every Tuesday evening at Cooper's hall in Cooper's hall, corner of Military and River streets. Visiting Knights cordially invited. E. B. FORSE, C. C. L. L. DUNHAM, K. of R. and S.

BAXTER LODGE, NO. 15, A. O. U. W. meets in its hall, corner of Main and Neosho streets, every Friday evening. J. M. ENGLISH, Sec.

BAXTER POST, NO. 123, G. A. R. meets every Saturday evening at Cooper's hall, corner of Military and River streets. R. P. MCGREGOR, Com. J. W. DUNHAM, Adj.

CANAAN LODGE, NO. 2, F. of A. meets every Tuesday evening at Cooper's hall, corner of Military and River streets. A. C. BLAKE, S. P. W. C. KNIGHT, Sec.

DAISY LODGE, NO. 26, O. S. F. meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month at S. J. KELLEY, C. P. L. A. PAUL, Secretary.

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